

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

"Not to myself alone,"
The little opening flower transported cries,—
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breezes perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;
The bee comes sipping, every evenside,
His daily life;
The butterfly within my cup doth bide
From threatening ill."
"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast—
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's canopy of jet
My power and skill who formed our myriad host;
A fiery beacon at heaven's open gate,
I gem the sky,
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high."
"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy laden bee doth murmuring hum—
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I rove the wood, the garden, and the flower,
And to the hive at evening weary come;
For man, for man the lucious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repays my ceaseless toil—
A scanty share."
"Not to myself alone,"
The soaring bird with lusty plumage sings—
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my winged wing;
I bid the homeless child my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar."
"Not to myself alone,"
The steaming whistles, on its paddy way—
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter health and life on every side,
And streck the fields with herb and flow'ry gay;
I sing unto the common, black and bare,
My gladness true;
I sweeten and refresh the languid air
In droightly dew."
"Not to myself alone,"
O man, forget not thou,—earth's honored priest!
Thy tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great love to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of goods at heart's unsungling feast,
Play on the organ, spare thy native clod,
And self deliver;
Lie to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.
From the Magnolia.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Institutions—British and Foreign Bible Society—The Royal Society—Newton's Principia—The Mall—Session Room—British Museum—Thomas Hartwell House—Curiosities—Elgin Marbles.

My dear M.—We have had a beautiful day, and spent it entirely in visiting the religious learned institutions that abound here. You are familiar with their names; a few references to them will perhaps be interesting to you; but I can give you only references—a letter will not suffice for minute descriptions of places of such rare interest.

The first that we called at was the celebrated British and Foreign Bible Society. We were very politely conducted by one of its officers through its numerous apartments, most of which were filled with stock—the word of life in various languages. We passed through room after room, each crowded with printed sheets of the Scriptures. Here we found the English language, the Arabic, the Persian, the Greek, the Latin, the Syriac, &c. &c. The vast building is almost exclusively occupied with these printed sheets. The press work is not done by the society, but at Oxford, or by some other of the "Queen's printers," to whom the printing of the Scriptures is confined, by act of Parliament. This restriction is designed to preserve the sacred text from typographical perversion; but I know not that our unrestricted liberty of the press in America has been attended with any serious injury to the Scriptures.

The assembly room of the managers is an elegant apartment—quite a little chapel; and the library is especially interesting, being a vast polyglot of the Bible. Copies of the divine word, in almost every language, may be seen there, besides rare specimens of the earliest editions in Europe, and several other valuable manuscripts. It is the largest institution of Christian benevolence in the world, and is supported, by Dr. Adam Clarke, to be the Apocalyptic angel "flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel." No resort in this "world metropolis" can present a scene of greater sublimity to the Christian, than this large pile of buildings, with their vast apartments crowded with the records of eternal truth, in so many languages.

We passed from the halls of the Bible Society to those of the "Royal Society," so noted in the annals of English science. The transition seemed natural, for the one institution, in the learned world, about the same relation that the other does in the religious. We were introduced to the assistant Secretary, who accompanied us through the rooms, explaining every thing of interest, and showing every possible proof of courtesy. We examined, with much curiosity, its library and apparatus. Among the latter is Sir Isaac Newton's reflecting telescope; and was made by his own hands, and was the first ever made. It is small, and a little time worn, but we gazed at it with intense interest. We found in the library, however, an object of still greater attraction; it was the original manuscript of Newton's Principia—a work that has unveiled the face of Nature to mankind. I handled it with reverence, as next sacred to the word of God, for it was a revelation of Nature, as the holy Scriptures are of religion. It is of large folio size, and the copy from which the printer set the type of the first edition. It was presented by Newton to the Society. The hand is plain, and there are but comparatively few erasures or other corrections. Another relic sacred in the eyes of the scientific world, is the veritable quadrant used by Flamsteed, the first observer, at Greenwich. Here is also the air pump of Boyle, the philosopher—the one by which he performed his experiments. The library is an invaluable collection of scientific books; among them are many oriental manuscripts, collected by Sir William Jones. "There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," said Napoleon. The English still cling to many of the antiquated forms of their fathers. We were, for instance, the other day in the lecture room of the Royal College of Surgeons, when that learned body entered in procession, their president and lecturer arrayed in solemn black silk gowns, and preceded by a fantastically apparelled herald, bearing an immense mace—a gilded shaft, headed by a crown—and all this imposing array was to introduce a lecturer on the fangs of reptiles. The grave sages of the Royal Society must also have their symbolic

bauble. It is a heavy gilt staff, surmounted by a large crown. The wrought work is very fine for its age, but the interest of the affair is, that it is the veritable mace of the Parliament to which Cromwell said, "Take away that bauble."

The room for the sessions of the society is decorated with portraits of most of the eminent philosophers of Great Britain. They compose quite a portrait gallery. Among them are those of Newton, Flamsteed, Halley, Locke, Boyle, Bacon, Sir H. Davy, Sir Joseph Banks, Herschell, &c. Our own countryman, Franklin, also hangs most worthily among them. In this room is kept the statute book of the society containing the autographic subscriptions of its members from the beginning. Each successive sovereign commences a new list, and a page is highly illuminated for the royal signature. The first is that of Charles II., the founder of the institution. It is not a little interesting to examine and compare these venerable autographs. The Royal Society's rooms are in the Somerset place, where also are the apartments and fine collections of the Geological Society. The Astronomical Society also occupies a part of the same edifice. We examined the former; its cabinet is invaluable, though not large.

From Somerset House we drove to the British Museum. Here we met Rev. Mr. Horn, the well known author of the "Introduction to the Study of the Bible." We had enjoyed a previous acquaintance with him, and therefore were made welcome to his courteous attentions. He is engaged by the Government in preparing a catalogue of the L. library. We were conducted by him through its most interesting apartments. Here we found the celebrated Harleian and Cottonian Libraries, reference to which you so often meet in critical works. The former contains no less than seven thousand manuscripts. The "King's Library," originally belonging to George III., but presented to the nation by George IV., forms a splendid portion of the collection. Mr. Horn showed us a number of curious old works. He is an inveterate book-worm, and revels among these innumerable and costly volumes, especially those relating to sacred literature. Among these he showed us several antique specimens of the Scriptures. A copy of Luther's first edition of the Bible, containing his own and Melancthon's autographs, was shown us. It was the copy used by Luther himself. We saw, also, a copy of the first edition of Coverdale's translation.

The collection of curiosities and scientific specimens is infinite. The Elgin marbles form a great attraction. You know their history. Lord Elgin, you recollect, had them taken down from the Parthenon at Athens, and sold them to the British Government for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Byron resents this sacrilegious spoliation, and makes Minerva curse the noble robber most heartily.

"First on the head of him who did the deed
My curse shall light, on him and all his seed:
Without one spark of intellectual fire
Be all the sons as senseless as the stone;
If one with wit the parent breed disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race;
Still with his blinding avarice let him prate,
And Folly's prize grant Wisdom's hate;
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose modest, sober gusto is to sell,
To sell, and make—may shame record the day!
The State receiver of his pilfered prey!"

After all, I do not know but that the noble pilferer has some justification. These splendid remains are certainly safer, more useful, more appreciated and honored in the national temple of British science, than among the ruins of the Acropolis, exposed to the elements, to spoliation from every sentimental vagrant from abroad, and a barbarous people at home. Many of them are seriously marred by time, but the fragments are, nevertheless, admirable for their exquisite workmanship, exhibiting an artistic perfection scarcely surpassed by the Apollo Belvidere, or the Laocoon. The Egyptian collections here are also most interesting. Among them is the celebrated "Rosetta Stone," which revealed to the world the significance of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and opened all their vast monumental records to our research. It is inscribed with hieroglyphics, but among these were found words in Greek and Latin, recording the same names with the Egyptian characters. The former were substituted for the latter, and thus gave the alphabetical meaning of the hieroglyphics.

The natural history department is magnificent. The mineralogical collection is especially fine. We saw here, also, one of the original copies of the Magna Charta; it is quite illegible, having been injured by fire in one of the palaces.

When shall we have such monuments to science in our own beloved country? But let us not despair. Slow as our country is alleged to be in its patronage of science and the arts, it is a fact that it has done more for them than any other nation in history, at an equally early period of its career. The croakers among ourselves give importance to trans-Atlantic slanders by adulation, and affecting to mourn over their truth. We are but an infant people yet; what, in all the names of the Muses, could be expected from a community but about seventy years old, who have had, in that short period, to fight out their oppressors, organize their government, subdue their boundless forests, build their roads, canals, and public edifices, found their churches, schools, and colleges, and a thousand et ceteras? Yet of our public buildings, the Libraries already formed in our principal cities, the scientific collections at Washington, Boston, Cambridge, New York, New Haven, and Philadelphia; the men of genius who have arisen among us—West, Stuart, Allston, Trumbull, Peale, Healey, in painting; Powers, Clavenger, Crawford, Hughs, Brackett, in sculpture; Franklin, Stillman, Hayes, Edwards, Channing, Professor Stuart, Noah Webster, in philosophy, theology, and philology; Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Whittier, Bancroft and Prescott, in fine literature; of these our young republic may speak with conscious pride, and challenge any land under heaven to show a parallel at so early a date, and under similar circumstances. Do not smile at the remark—I believe it is soberly true; and if our land did not abound so much in two classes of characters—croakers on the one hand, and fastidious on the other—we should be disposed more to respect ourselves for the truly great men who have illustrated our brief beginning. Our boast is still larger in the more practical arts; a people who have given to the world the steamboat, the cotton gin, the quadrant, the magnetic telegraph, and is changing the face of the nation by them, has no reason to cringe at foreign talents. But where am I wandering to? A thousand blessings on my own country, then; and let us return to John Bull's great museum.

THE WAY TO GET COOL.—When you feel yourself getting warm, and your temper to be ruffled, begin at once to count a hundred—ninety-nine—ninety-eight—ninety-seven—ninety-six; and so on, backwards, until you arrive at "one." You will be quite cool by that time.

For the Herald and Journal.

CAMP-MEETINGS.

Dear Mr. Stevens,—While looking over some of last year's journals, my eye fell upon a few thoughts penned by Br. J. Allen, on camp-meetings. It awakened a great many thoughts in my mind, on the same subject. Alas! thought I, why is it that we have no more camp-meetings in Maine? Can it be true, that God has prohibited the inhabitants of Maine from the enjoyment of this most blessed means of grace? Has He no blessing for this State, even this, as well as other States? He has, in days gone by, poured down blessings in rich abundance, even here, as my unworthy soul knows full well; and my mind, at this moment, is carried back through the vista of more than a score of years, when young, gay and thoughtless, for the first time in my life I attended a camp-meeting, held in Gorham. Never can I forget the sensations that pervaded both soul and body as I entered the consecrated grove, and heard the first sound of prayer and praise. In a moment, all levity was banished from my mind. I felt that I was on holy ground, and in the presence of the Most High. That spot of earth proved the birth-place of many souls; some have died in the full hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave; some still live to bless the Lord for camp-meetings, while some, no doubt, have fallen a victim to temptation, and gone again to the world, and are feeding on its husky vanities. Among others who professed converting grace at that time, was a little girl, some fourteen years of age. The power of God so fell upon her, that for hours she lay like one dead. I well remember the remarks that were made by the lookers on. O, said some, the poor child is frightened, and has fainted; she will think no more about it when she comes to herself, and goes over her fright. Recalled to God, she did come to herself, clothed, and in her right mind; and that dear sister is this very day, as I trust, sitting at the feet of Jesus. O, how many incidents come up before my mind's eye, as vividly as though they had transpired but a day since. There were God's ministers—holymen, talented men—men as popular as they wished to be; they were seeking a bride for their Master, and that honor that cometh from God only; and they cared not for the world's frown or flattery. There were Bishops George and Heddin; they looked to me (although at that time shrouded in nature's night) like angels, and they preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; the good accomplished at that meeting can never be known, till the day when God shall write up his people; then will He count that this and that individual were born there.

I did not myself find the comfort of my soul, at that meeting, but I lost not the serious impressions I then received, until I did; and when, some few years after, I went up to the feast of tabernacles, I trust I did not go as a stranger, but as a fellow citizen with the saints; it was then and there, that I found joy in the Holy Ghost.—Praised be God, how sweet the memory still.

I have attended a number of camp-meetings since, and never has one proved a barren season to my soul; and I pray God, that He will baptize the ministers of the Maine Conference, before they shall again sit, with a camp-meeting spirit, with a double portion of the Holy Ghost and heavenly fire, that the time will again return, when the pleasant groves of Maine shall resound with the shouts of new-born souls; old saints new courage take, and sing aloud the praises of Him, whose precious blood has power to cleanse from all sin. My poor heart grows warm in anticipation of such a season. Heaven grant that I may live to see one more such. A LOVER OF CAMP MEETINGS.
Gorham, Nov. 7.

For the Herald and Journal.

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

NO. X.

Having, in the last two numbers, treated of the nature of Christian holiness, I now proceed to consider the time of its reception. It is a question of some moment, and respecting which the Christian world is not perfectly agreed, whether entire sanctification is wrought *instantaneously* or *gradually*. Mr. Wesley says it is *both instantaneously and gradually*. This is no doubt true. But the sense in which it is gradual needs explanation. As I have never read any thing on this point, I am wholly dependent for light upon the Word of God and my own reflections. The following views may not be entirely satisfactory to all, but they are the best I have, and I trust they will be kindly received, if not fully approved. That many who, from their early education, have had no faith in the attainableness of Christian holiness in this life, have yet gradually and almost insensibly gained this great blessing, I do not question. That many others also, firmly believing in the practicability of attaining this extraordinary grace in this world, but yet, having never sought it as a distinct blessing, have nevertheless *gradually* and *finally* received the unspeakable attainment of perfect love, it is equally preposterous to doubt. Both these classes may not be able to point out the precise time and place of their receiving this great salvation; yet they now unquestionably have it. In their case, the work was *progressive* in one sense, while in another it was *instantaneous*. To illustrate: a regenerate person goes to God in prayer and faith, and gets blessed. By watchfulness, and reliance on Christ, he retains the precious grace. He goes again, and again gets blessed. This course he steadily pursues for years, daily growing in grace, gradually dying unto sin and living unto God, until finally he reaches the heights of Pisgah, overlooks the promised land, in all its stretching loveliness, and by degrees comes into the sweet belief that sin no longer has dominion over him, and that through infinite grace he is cleansed from all unrighteousness. Now, in view of the whole time from regeneration to the finishing work and conscious possession of entire sanctification, the blessing of holiness was received *gradually*. But consider another point. Each accession of grace, during this whole interval, was received *instantaneously*, because the fruit of faith and prayer. Such a person has obtained it, may be, a thousand approximate degrees of sanctification at as many different times, but each degree was received *at once*; for in each case of communion with God, his language was—I HAVE BEEN BLESSED. Respecting all such cases, we have this to affirm: the work of sanctification is gradual, in the sense that it is received at different times and in different progressive degrees, during the lapse of

months, or even years. Yet it is *instantaneous*, in the sense that each climatic degree is received *at once*, in answer to prayer and faith. Hence the work may be both progressive and instantaneous. According to your faith so it will be unto you.

But while this is readily granted—because no doubt true—yet it must be confessed that, in our humble judgment, both the will of God and the conditions of grace are such as to warrant the belief that the great blessing of Christian holiness may all be attained *at once*. This is agreeable to the Scriptures. It is the glorious privilege of every Christian: *for this is the will of God, even your sanctification*; and that not gradually, but *instantly*. In this day of the Mediator's power, each in humble dependence on the blessed Redeemer, and in unshaken confidence that it will be done, may look up and say—

"My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me with thy precious blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
"Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, and not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart."

That the entire blessing of sanctification may be received *instantaneously*, is the opinion of that clear and profound writer, Richard Watson. He says, speaking of powerful faith in pleading the promises—"to this faith shall the promises of entire sanctification be given, which, in the nature of the case, supposes an *INSTANTANEOUS* work *IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING UPON OUR EXERCISE AND UNWAVERING FAITH*." Theo. Inst., p. 517, (in one vol.) In harmony with this, says Mr. Wesley—"Look for it then every day, every hour, every moment! Why not this hour, this moment? Certainly you may look for it now, if you believe it is by faith. And by this taken you may surely know whether you seek it by faith or by works. If by works, you want something to be done first, before you are sanctified. You think, I must be, or do this, or that. Then you are seeking it by works unto this day. If you seek it by faith, you may expect it *as you are*; and if as you are, *then expect it now*. It is of importance to observe that there is an inseparable connection between these three points—Expect it by faith—Expect it as you are—and *Expect it now*! To deny one of them is to deny them all. To allow one is to allow them all. Do you believe we are sanctified by faith? Be true then to your principle, and look for this blessing just as you are, neither better nor worse; as a poor sinner that has still nothing to pay, nothing to plead, but Christ died. And if you look for it as you are, then expect it *now*. Say for a thing: why should you? Christ is ready; and he is all you want. He is waiting for you: he is at the door! Let your inmost soul cry out—

"Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest!
Nor hence again remove;
But step with me, and let the feast
Be everlasting love."

In the light of these plain and direct extracts, how any one can imagine that Watson and Wesley did not hold and teach the *instantaneousness* of entire sanctification, I cannot possibly divine. No supposition can be more absurd. Add to this that all the promises are objects of present trust, unless restricted to future time. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Does this conditional promise authorize us to expect pardon at once, and not gradually? So also does it encourage us to look for entire sanctification in the same way. "This is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us." Now this is the will of God, even our sanctification. Hence, if we ask for this great blessing, confessing our sins, we may draw the inference that he hears us. Yes, he hears us now, and we have the *things we ask of him*. The ability and abounding willingness of Christ to do the whole work at once, cannot be doubted. The union of the soul and body interpenetrates no insuperable barrier to its impressing this great truth upon its heart, happening to cast its eyes a little lower, on the road, I saw a fountain, with its upright column, or pedestal, from which a jet of transparent water spouted up several feet above it, then curled as gracefully as a rainbow, and fell into a granite reservoir, or basin. We both eagerly pressed forward to the fountain, I saw eagerly telling him that religion was as free as that water. But imagine my delight when I read a sweet inscription on the pedestal, written in a plain hand, and protected by a glass cover, as if the gem on the mountain ridge, and that testified to the great truth upon its heart, happening to cast its eyes a little lower, on the road, I saw a fountain, with its upright column, or pedestal, from which a jet of transparent water spouted up several feet above it, then curled as gracefully as a rainbow, and fell into a granite reservoir, or basin. We both eagerly pressed forward to the fountain, I saw eagerly telling him that religion was as free as that water. 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HERALD AND JOURNAL.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1846.

JESSE LEE.

Jesse Lee on Boston Communion—His early life—Conversion and Sanctification—Commencement of his public labors.

In the centre of the Boston Common still stands a gigantic elm—the crowning ornament of that beautiful scenery, and memorable in the history of the city as “The Liberty Tree,” the popular resort, in the times of the revolution, for patriotic meetings.—On a fine summer afternoon, in July, 1790, a man of middle age, of a serene but shrewd countenance, and dressed in a style of simplicity which might have been taken for the guise of a Quaker, took his stand upon a table beneath the branches of that venerable tree. Four persons approached, and gazed upon him with surprise, while he sang a hymn. It was sung by his solitary voice; at its conclusion he knelt down upon the table, and stretching forth his hands, prayed with a fervor and unctious so unwonted in the cool, minute, and stereotyped positions of the Puritan pulpit, that it attracted the groups of promenade who had come to spend an evening hour in the shady walks, and by the time he rose from his knees, they were streaming in processions from the different points of the Common towards him. While he opened his small Bible and preached to them without “notes,” but with “the demonstration of the Spirit and power,” the multitude grew into a dense mass, three thousand strong, eagerly catching every utterance of the singular stranger, and some of them receiving into “honest and good hearts” his message. One who heard him at or about this time, says: “When he stood up in the open air and began to sing, I knew not what it meant. I, however, drew near to listen, and thought the prayer was the best I had ever heard. He then read his text, and began, in a sententious manner, to address his remarks to the understanding and consciences of the people; and I thought all who were present must be constrained to say, ‘It is good for us to be here.’ All the while the people were gathering, he continued this mode of address, and presented us with such a variety of beautiful images, that I thought he must have been at infinite pains to crowd so many pretty things into his memory. But when he entered upon the subject matter of his text, it was with such an easy, natural flow of expression, and in such a tone of voice that I could not refrain from weeping; and many others were affected in the same way. When he was done, and we had an opportunity of expressing our views to each other, it was agreed that such a man had not visited New England since the days of Whitefield. I heard him again, and thought I could follow him to the ends of the earth.”

That bold evangelist was Jesse Lee—the founder, under God, of Methodism in New England, and although the preceding year must be admitted as its true epoch, yet the year of his appearance in the eastern metropolis, 1790, may be considered the period in which it assumed a definite and secure position. He had arrived in Connecticut in June, 1789, and preached at Norwalk, New Haven, &c., and towards the termination of the year formed, as we shall hereafter see, a class at Stratford, and another at Reading, but these were only preliminary movements. He was alone, surveying the ground. The classes at Stratford and Reading consisted, the first of but three, and the last of but two members, and the former was formed but about three months, and the latter about three days, prior to 1790. It was in the year we have designated, that a detachment of preachers, Jacob Brush, George Roberts, and Daniel Smith, arrived to prosecute the plans of Lee, and the labors of Methodism in New England were fairly begun. It was also in this year that the Annual Minutes report, for the first time, returns of members from New England towns.

Jesse Lee, then, appears in the history of New England Methodism as its primary and most prominent character—its founder. Our reading has lately led us among the scenes of those early times, and induced us to prepare a few articles in their commemoration. They may not be uninteresting to our readers. Let us glance first at the pioneer of Methodism in the east. He was born in Prince George county, Virginia, in the year 1728. His parents were respectable members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was his good fortune early to receive, both at school and at home, a strictly Christian education. He mentions in his journal the salutary influence upon his childhood of the catechetical instruction of his teacher. “In a thousand instances,” says he, “when I felt an inclination to act or speak amiss, I have been stopped by the recollection of my catechism, some parts of which I did not understand; yet it was good, upon the whole, that I learned it.”

This correct early training produced its usual consequences, conformably to the declaration of the wisest of men. “I do not,” says he, “recollect that I ever was in my life, except one night, being in company with some wicked young people, I uttered some kind of oaths, for which I felt ashamed and sorry all the next day; and when alone, I felt that God was displeased with me for my bad conduct. I believe I never did any thing in my youth that the people called wicked. I used, however, to indulge bad tempers, and use some vain words.”

The conversion of both his parents, about his fourteenth year, led to a fuller consecration of their domestic circle. A pious conversation of his father with a friend, about this time, induced a train of reflections in his mind which resulted in profound religious convictions, and which he describes as follows: “One of my mother’s relations came to my father’s and stayed all night; the topic of conversation was experimental religion. While engaged on this interesting subject, my father observed, ‘that if a man’s sins were forgiven, he would know it.’ That sentence, ‘if a man’s sins were forgiven, he would know it,’ took hold of my mind, and I pondered it in my heart. The next day, when alone in the field, it kept running across my mind, ‘if a man’s sins are forgiven, he will know it.’ I thought it over, and over again, and concluded it must be so, for my father said so, and I believe it. At length I began to reason with myself thus: are my sins forgiven? I hope so—but do I know it? No! no! I have no assurance of it; immediately it was impressed upon my mind with uncommon force, go and pray. The impression was repeated, and I went off to a large branch, which was surrounded with thick bushes; then I stopped and looked to see if any person was near me, but could see no one; yet I thought some one might pass that way and see me, so I set off to another place where the bushes appeared to be yet thicker, but when I came there, I was afraid of being seen; I then went to another place with the same reasonings, and the same fears, but at length I ventured to kneel down, and began to pray that the Lord would forgive my sins.

“My distress of soul at that time was very great, and never wore off till my sins were forgiven. “I would frequently, after that time, get by myself, and with many tears, pray to God to have mercy upon my poor soul, and forgive my sins. Some times, in the open fields, I have felt on my knees, and prayed, and wept, till my heart was ready to break. At other times my heart was so hard, that I could not shed a tear. It would occur to my mind, ‘your day of grace is past, and God will never forgive your sins.’ It appeared to me, that of all sinners in the world, I was the greatest.

“Thus I went on for about four weeks, in which time I never, for an hour, lost sight of my wretched condition. The cry of my soul was, ‘how shall I escape the misery of hell? I cared little about the sufferings of this life, if I could but escape eternal misery. I read, ‘that some asked, and received not, because they asked amiss;’ the remembrance of this, made me, for a season, afraid to use many words in prayer, for fear I should pray improperly, and, therefore, ask amiss.

“One morning, being in deep distress, fearing every moment I should drop into hell, and viewing myself as hanging over the pit, I was constrained to cry in earnest for mercy, and the Lord came to my relief, and delivered my soul from the burden and guilt of sin. My whole frame was in a tremor from head to foot, and my soul enjoyed sweet peace. The pleasure I then felt, was indescribable. This happiness lasted about three days, during which time I never spoke to any person about my feelings. I was then asked by some one to talk to me on the subject, but no one did. I then began to doubt my conversion, and to fear that I was deceived—I finally concluded that if I were not converted, I would never rest with the blessing, and began to pray to the Lord to show me my real condition, and let me feel my danger, as I had previously done; but as I could not feel the burden of my sins, the enemy of my soul suggested to my mind that the Lord had forsaken me, and that I had sinned away my convictions, and deceived myself. Thus I was a prey to those doubts and perplexities for about six months, before I could assuredly believe that I was in the favor of God. One evening, travelling in company with a religious neighbor, he asked me if I were ever converted. I told him I believed I had been. He then asked me several questions relative to the circumstances of the change, which I endeavored to answer. He then said, ‘you are surely converted.’ I was much strengthened by that conversation, and so much encouraged as to tell other people, when they asked me, what the Lord had done for my soul.”

Not long after, these misgivings (the usual trials of the recent convert) were completely removed by stronger manifestations of the divine power. The Spirit itself bore witness with his spirit that he was the child of God, and enabled him to say, “Now I know in whom I have believed.”

No Methodist preacher had yet visited the neighborhood, but these remarkable changes in himself and family, seem to have been brought about through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Jarret, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, “a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,” and distinguished in the early history of Methodism for his cordial co-operation with its pioneers when they entered Virginia.

When, in 1774, a Methodist society was formed in the vicinity, young Lee, then but 16 years of age, together with both his parents, and an elder brother, immediately connected himself with it. The doctrines and spirit of the new sect were accordant with their own experience. His father freely opened his house as a regular preaching place for the circuit, and for nearly half a century, it was the home of the laborious itinerant, whenever he passed through that section of his field. “Like the house of Obed-Edom,” says the biographer of Lee, “the Lord blessed his, because the ark of the Lord rested there. This son often took sweet counsel with the preachers who visited his father’s. They not only imparted instruction by the public ministration of the word, but in social conversation, they gave such advice as was suited to the particular case of each individual.”

But God had designed his young servant for signal services; it was not enough that he should be thus, almost from childhood, consecrated like Samuel, and trained under the personal example and conversation of those heroic men who composed our first ministry; he was to be led, while yet in the freshness of his youth, into the deep things of God, that he might be fully anointed with the unction of the Holy One, for the extraordinary labors of the future, and might be able to bear a testimony, which should be emphatic with the authority of his own experience, to the sufficiency of the blood of Christ to “cleanse from all unrighteousness.” A remarkable revival of religion took place in his neighborhood, which, with the influence upon himself, he thus describes:—“We had the greatest revival of religion I had ever seen. I was at meetings where the whole congregation were bathed in tears; and sometimes their cries were so loud that the preacher’s voice could not be heard. Some were seized with trembling, and in a few moments dropped on the floor as if they were dead, while others were embracing each other, with streaming eyes, and all were lost in wonder, love and praise. During that season, my soul was greatly blessed, and for the greater part of my time, I was ‘strong in faith, giving glory to God.’ I had such confidence in, and love to God and his service, that I was willing to be any thing, or nothing, so that God might be all in all.”

But this happy frame of mind could not fully satisfy him; it led him to hunger and thirst still more after righteousness. The increased illumination he had received, enabled him to perceive more clearly the height of consecration and joy yet to be attained. He attended a Quarterly Meeting—one which seems to have been of the truly primitive type—a high, and holy festival—when scores were slain and made alive by the power of God. Several persons were sanctified wholly at this meeting. He caught the spirit of their example. “I went home,” he says, “with a fixed determination to seek for a deeper work of grace, and to hope, and pray, and wait for that perfect love which casteth out all fear. I did firmly believe that the Lord was both able, and willing, to save to the utmost all that would come to him. I felt a sweet distress in my soul, for holiness of heart and life. I sensibly felt, while I was seeking for purity of heart, that I grew in grace, and in the knowledge of God. This concern of soul lasted for some time, till at length I could say, I have nothing but the love of Christ in my heart. I was assured that my soul was continually happy in God. The world, with all its charms, is crucified to me, and I am crucified to the world.”

Thus abundantly ended with power from on high, while yet in his eighteenth year, he was maturing for the great work before him. Several occasions for the exercise of his gifts in public exhortation, presented themselves about this time, but his natural diffidence rendered the cross insupportable, and might have led into interference with his entrance into the ministry, had not domestic circumstances providentially led to his removal to North Carolina, where, away from the embarrassing associations of his native neighborhood, he felt more courage for such untried efforts. Here he was appointed a class leader, and soon began to exert in public. He gives the following account of his first attempts as a public speaker:—

“On the 8th of March I gave a public exhortation, which was my first attempt. I then lacked a few days of being twenty years old. The Saturday night following, I went to a watch night, at brother Lock’s, where F. Garretson led the meeting; he asked me to speak, and I exhorted, which was my second attempt. The next evening I attended a watch night, at C. Bustin’s, where I exhorted again; but I felt truly sensible of my own weakness; and what made the cross heavier, was owing, probably, to the circumstance of having many of my old friends and acquaintances to hear me.

“From that time I frequently exhorted at prayer meetings and class meetings; and sometimes I appointed meetings in the neighborhood, among the neighboring societies, with a view of speaking to the people, and of begging them to be reconciled to God.

“I have often admired the providence of God in opening the way for me to remove to North Carolina; for, had I continued among my relations in Virginia,

I might not have begun my public labors so soon; for at that time of my life I was very timid. But when I removed among strangers, I lost, in some degree, my former fearfulness. I seldom gave an exhortation without weeping; for my heart yearned over the souls of poor sinners.

“At that time I could truly say, ‘The zeal of thy house has eaten me up.’ “During these exercises, I had very little thought of becoming a preacher; I only wished to exhort, and pray, and live to do good to the souls of the people. My soul was remarkably happy in general, both in private and in public. My chief wish and greatest concern was, to know the will of God, and to do it in all things, both great and small. In the close of the year, I went to visit my friends in Virginia, and was at meetings with them at different places, and exhibited there publicly, and with much earnestness, to flee the wrath to come, and prepare for a better world.”

He returned to North Carolina, and was soon actively laboring as a local preacher. But we must leave abruptly close our sketch, to resume it and trace him through some more scenes in our next.

• Memoirs, Chap. II.

REV. LEVI PACKARD, OF SPENCER, MASS.

This gentleman addresses us, in the Puritan, rather unceremoniously, for declining a long article of his, in reply to the late criticism of Rev. J. Porter, on his published sermon. Says Mr. Packard, “You returned the paper, with your reason for not publishing it. The substance of that reason was, that I belonged to another denomination.” Now, we think we need not remind the Rev. gentleman that this vague statement of the “substance,” &c., is a gross misrepresentation of it, unless further explained. Our letter consisted of few lines; why did he not give it?

The “substance of that reason” was this: Mr. Packard had published a sectarian sermon; Mr. Porter chose to criticize its sectarian character, in the Herald; Mr. Packard sends us a long article, vindicating his Congregational views against Mr. Porter; we sent it back, stating that our paper was known to be a denominational one, set for the defence of our own doctrines—that all Christian denominations had their denominational organs, with the same specific character, and that the understood course among all was to defend themselves from their own platform, and not claim the right of intruding upon each other’s for the purpose; and that any other course would lead only to “confusion worse confounded.” What would be the result, for instance, if the Puritan were required to open its columns to replies to all its attacks on Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, &c.? There evidently could be no denominational organs, with such licentiousness of the press. Mr. P.’s sermon was printed, and therefore had public property. Mr. Porter, as a Methodist, had a right to give some Methodist strictures on it, in a Methodist organ. Mr. Packard had a right to give his Congregational rejoinder in the organs of Congregationalism. No principle, derived from either usage or courtesy, can justify him in claiming more than this.

OBITUARIES—DEATH-BED CONVERSIONS.

It will be perceived that our obituary notices have lately been numerous, and some of them too long. We must remind our correspondents of the rule that these articles must be limited to twelve lines.—Twelve lines of ordinary manuscript make about the same number in our type. Adhere, brethren, to this rule; these obituaries are too precious to be rendered tedious or left unread, by being too long or too numerous.

One remark more on the subject. Lately we have had several obituaries of persons who were never members of the church, and not converted till on the death-bed. We can see no utility in publishing such cases. The example is bad, and the alleged conversion uncertain. We do believe that God can save a soul in the last hour, but we believe such instances are very rare. Such are the effects of disease, especially towards death, and of auricular or stimulant medicines, that sudden and illusive transitions of nervous excitement are often construed into changes of the moral frame. The facts on the subject, collected by medical men, are appalling. Numerous cases are on record, of persons who gave the strongest declarations of a change of heart, on a sick bed, and seemed joyfully awaiting death, but on recovery had not so much as a recollection of the circumstances. We have had enough knowledge of “death-bed conversions” to entertain no assurance respecting them. This view of the subject is important to the living; it should be emphatically presented in the pulpit. Life, healthful and active life, is the time to procure and test by the fruits of the Spirit the genuine experience of religion.

We request, then, that instances of death-bed conversions be not hazarded in the paper. Let us hope the best for such cases, but—knowing their great uncertainty—let the living to be deluded by the inference that they can escape in the last hour, notwithstanding a life-long neglect of God.

PUBLIC COLLECTION FOR DECEMBER.

We remind our ministerial brethren that the collection for the Biblical Institute is to be taken, by the appointment of their last Conferences, during this month. The votes and speeches respecting it, will be remembered, were very emphatic. Let no man fail of his duty in regard to it. The Trustees are taking the necessary measures to provide for the institution, and if the church will sustain them by liberal collections, they will probably be prepared to make a satisfactory report at the next session of the Conference.

Don’t fail, dear brethren, in this collection.—Take it, if it amounts to but a trifle; but urge it heartily and to the utmost. We have the prospect of a prosperous institution, if we can only have proof from the churches that its current expenses will be met by annual collections—collections which need not average five dollars to each of them. Let us now, then, decide the question.

REVIVAL IN THE NAVY.

Rev. Walter Colton, chaplain of U. S. ship Congress, in a recent letter from Monterey, California, says:—

“There is a deep interest among a large section of our crew, on the subject of religion. It commenced two months back in my Bible class, and extended to others. I now hold a prayer meeting three evenings in the week, in a retired and very convenient apartment of our ship, and usually meet there about sixty sailors. About thirty of them have become hopelessly pious. I invite them to pray and speak to the others, which they do with great fervency. Some new ones come in almost every evening, and kneeling down, asks to be prayed for. Among the converts are some of the best seamen in our ship. Several of the officers have attended, and our meetings have no opposition from any quarter. This is all the work of the good Spirit, and I pray he may remain among us. I am the only chaplain on here, and officiate alternately on board the Congress and the frigate Savannah.”

New Churches.—About 400 new churches are now building in Great Britain, for the use of the Establishment; one half or more, are aided by funds from the national treasury.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Farwell Missionary Meeting—Oregon Mission—Dr. Pitman’s Speech—Dr. Hedding’s.

Mr. Editor.—The farwell meeting of the missionaries for Oregon was held on Wednesday evening last, in the Vestry Street Church. The attendance was not as full as could have been desired, nor as large as it would have been in a church more centrally located. You will recollect that this church is on the extreme western side of the city, near the Hudson river. No general missionary meeting has ever been held there before, the distance rendering it inconvenient for persons residing east of Broadway. Bishop Hedding presided. The exercises commenced with singing, and prayer by Rev. Dr. Peck, after which Drs. Roberts and Wilbur, the missionaries, addressed the meeting.

Dr. Pitman followed, and presented some facts in reference to the past history of the Oregon mission. Perhaps, said he, there is no mission under the patronage of our church whose importance and prospects have been more misrepresented. At the time of its origin there was a general burst of enthusiasm in its favor from Maine to Georgia. The origin of this mission is well known.

Some of the Flathead Indians crossed the Rocky Mountains and made the long journey to St. Louis, inquiring for the God of the white men. An account of this was soon published in the periodicals, and no sooner was it read than every heart seemed to beat in unison. The most devoted and the most intellectual of our ministers advocated the mission, and it was established.

Every thing went on well until the great reinforcement was sent out, which has since been so much objected to. This great reinforcement, however, was at the time approved and advocated by those master spirits who were instrumental in founding this mission. But there seemed to be a sort of despondency, a sinking of spirit, in the church, when this went out. Many supposed that more had been employed than were necessary for the success of the operation. Before this band reached their destination, the news arrived that five or six hundred Indians had been converted or brought under religious influence. No sooner had this information arrived, than the objectors became satisfied, all acquiesced in the plan of reinforcement, and none seemed to complain. But why was this? Nothing had happened through the aid of those who had been sent, for at this time they had not yet arrived there.

There is a disposition to measure the importance of missions by immediate results. People did not stop to consider that the new missionaries had not arrived, but were satisfied with what they generally considered as a result of these persons having been sent. I will not take it upon myself to say whether this reinforcement was judicious or not, but I do say that the M. E. Church is too ready to quail and despond when apparent difficulties or reverses oppose. The work has never yet been prosecuted at home without opposition and difficulties, and can we expect it to be otherwise in distant lands and under more unfavorable circumstances?

I never shall think that this mission has been a failure, or that there has ever been any real ground for discouragement.

I not unfrequently receive letters from brethren in the ministry, containing questions of this character: “What has been done in Oregon?” “Is it not a failure?” I am pained to read such queries, for I am convinced that the success of our mission in Oregon will compare favorably with many of our most promising places at home.

Let us take an example. Some years ago one of our most prominent men was sent to the city of Newark, N. J., where the labors of some thirty years had been devoted to the interests of our church. How many names did he find registered on the class-books? But 28! About the same time I was sent to New Brunswick. There also for more than thirty years the doctrines of Methodism had been preached, and I found but fifteen names on the class-books.

And does not Oregon compare favorably with these two prominent places? There we have a mission which has been established but twelve or thirteen years, and what are the facts? A late letter informs that there are 100 members in the valley of the Willamette. There are 50 or 60 Indians, evidently pious, who hold meetings of their own, and we can believe that, by this time, the number has been increased to nearly 200, all of whom have been brought into the church by the instrumentality of our missions. But more than this. In the last conversation which I had with Dr. Lee, he stated that to his knowledge 30 children who died at the Missionary School, had given satisfactory evidence that they died in the Christian faith, as also some 30 adults during his residence there. If, then, there is a membership of 150 to 175 persons, besides some 60 or 70 who have joined the church triumphant, are we prepared to say that this mission is a failure? Shall we become disheartened and discouraged? Let us rather be thankful, and resolve to do more in future.

We do not assert that there have been no errors in the management of this mission, but we wonder there has not been more, when we consider the distance at which it is separated from us, and the infrequency of communication with it.

The Doctor concluded his address with an appeal to the benevolence of the audience in support of the mission, and related the following incident: The people at New Brunswick are accustomed to hold a general class-meeting once in each month.—At one of these meetings, an interesting and intelligent looking stranger was present. After a time he arose and spoke, stating that he had been a vile transgressor, roving about the world without a knowledge of God. From South America and California he had wandered into Oregon, a thoughtless, hardened sinner.

One Sunday, having nothing else to do, he went, from motives of curiosity, to hear the missionary preach. During that sermon the arrow of conviction pierced his heart, and he found no rest till he felt his sins forgiven. “To-day,” said he, “I stand here to bless God that the M. E. Church ever sent a missionary to Oregon.”

After the collection was taken, Dr. Hedding made a few remarks, nearly as follows:—

“I desire to say only a few words. These brethren who are about to leave us know their duty. It is not now necessary to inform them of it, or what the church requires of them. In the name of the church I give you a word of exhortation. Be faithful unto death. Do your Master’s work with all your hearts. Work for God. Employ all your talents and powers in his service. Work for the cause of Christ, for heaven, for your own souls. There are many hardships, dangers and privations connected with the missionary’s life, and I have always felt it a difficult task to make appointments of this nature whenever it has fallen to my lot so to do. It is difficult, because I sympathize with those who are to go. I know of the work to be done, the hazards to be met with, the dangers they and their wives and families must encounter. I have passed many an anxious and sleepless night on this account. Perhaps you cannot understand why this should be so, but put yourself in my place, and take the same responsibility. It is true I have advisers, but the ultimate deci-

sion falls on me, when it is my lot to make appointments.

“Soon after we began to appoint missionaries to Liberia, a brother and his wife consented to go. Both were perfectly willing. He had no parents living, and a father only, who was a Methodist minister. I supposed that the wife had consulted her father, and appointed them to go. But the father heard of it. He was in great distress. He came to me. He wept. He begged me to reverse the appointment.—My daughter, said he, will die. If you have any regard for me, for her departed mother, suffer her to remain. I told him I could not do it. God requires them to go. It must stand. He left me weeping. They went to Africa, and in a few months both died. I dreaded to meet the bereaved father. I expected him to frown on me. But I did meet him, and somehow it was the Lord who so operated on his heart that he never said a word to me about it. Circumstances such as this will give you an idea as to the responsibility which I feel in making such appointments.

“Now, I have felt much for these brethren, but yet there is a glorious consolation when we consider the object for which they go. They go forth on the same benevolent errand for which the Redeemer came to the world—to do good to men. Christianity teaches them to submit to any hardship in the way of duty. What difference does it make where one dies, if he dies in the Lord? Go, then, my brethren, trusting in your Lord and Master, leaning on the strong arm which has upheld you thus far.—If you return, you will rejoice in the consciousness of having done your duty. If you die in the way of duty, you will have no reason to regret it. We shall pray for you on your passage. We shall pray for you after you get there. Go, then, confidently—go trusting for success—go looking for your reward in another world.”

The meeting adjourned with the benediction. Yours truly, LORENZO. New York, Nov. 21.

LETTER FROM MAINE.

Temperance Excursion—Temperance Facts.

Having received an invitation from some temperance brethren, in Rumford, to make them a visit and lecture upon the subject, according to an arrangement, I started on the 2d, and proceeded up the beautiful Sandy River, to fulfil my engagement. In passing from Wilton Upper Mills to Dixfield Village, I had to climb “Alps piled on Alps,” of the hills of Maine, until my poor horse began to show evident signs of weariness. For Monday evening, I had a lecture at Dixfield. If you have never been up the Androscoggin, you can form no idea of the beautiful scenery that skirts this noble river. Here lies the beautiful village of Dixfield, on a beautiful interval, while “Old Sugar Loaf,” with his hoary head, towers up toward heaven, as a remnant of former days, with villages and farms, worth cultivating, on either side, almost its entire length. Rum and ruin has been the order of former days on this river, and even now the old enemy is strongly fortified in these regions. At Dixfield I had a small congregation, and touched the spark, which kindled into a flame, as I returned and gave them two more lectures, one on the afternoon, on a box, in front of a grocery.—I found three rum shops in full blast, working death and ruin. In Rumford, I found a very strong rum influence operating against the friends and the cause. Still temperance has done much for the people, and I believe is destined to do more yet. Dr. Gammon, and the other preachers, are not only in the work of temperance, but the good work of revival is spreading on Rumford and Bethel charges. O, may it spread far and wide!

Rum sellers are greatly afraid we shall injure the cause, by mingling it with politics, while they nominate and elect, if they can, the most notorious, villainous ruffians in the land. The new license law, I find, disturbs their nest, and hence the cry of unconstitutionality is yelled by every one they can hire to bark for them. The law will stand in spite of all their opposition. A large book might be written about the scenes of drunkenness, ending in disgrace and death, in the town of Rumford. May Heaven forbid that such scenes shall be ever seen or felt again.

I had a very pleasant visit indeed, and can but hope some little good was effected. Mexico, that lies between Dixfield and Rumford, is most awfully abandoned to the rum power. Even now, rum runs are of common occurrence. I should like to have declared war with Mexico on rum’s account, but had not the falls.

The falls at Rumford are a sight worth beholding. In one mile they fall about 180 feet. The greatest fall is not far from 70. In looking at them, I was directed to “Uncle Ben’s Rock,” so called. It is a rock situated near the centre of the river, at the first pitch of the falls, on which a poor innkeeper was thrown, under the following peculiar circumstances. Going down to the ferry to cross, as usual, he stepped on board with his horse, cast off, and down fell the animal. The current took the boat towards the fearful rapids. The first knowledge he had of his perilous condition, was the roar of the water, which aroused him, and, as he said, perfectly sobered him, but too late to escape to the shore. The boat fortunately struck this rock with such force, as to throw “uncle Ben” up high and dry. The boat and horse went down into a large basin, and strange to tell, the drunkard’s companion escaped without much harm. The next day the poor man was drawn, with ropes let down to him, from his hard and perilous bed—not to reform, but to persist in a wrong practice. A warning to all, to touch not, taste not the dangerous one.

If we have not as many factories and other fine things in Maine as you have in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, we have, I think, a little better license law, and as fearless, uncompromising company of teetotal men and women, as can be found in the land, with a banner thrown out to the breeze of heaven, “Down with the tyrant.” We think we may safely boast, that we have in Maine, also, as wicked a set of rum sellers as can be found—warring against both God’s law, and all the righteous enactments of man. They must and will be met; the fiat has gone forth, and doomday is no more certain, than that this murderous business will have a legalized end.

Yours, &c., T. HILL. Mercer, Nov. 16.

PIERMONT, N. H.

Dear Bro. Stevens.—Through the blessing of God, we are able to contribute a little to the “revival department.” The God of grace has remembered us in mercy on this charge. We have just closed a protracted meeting at Oxford, (Dartmouth school-house), which has been attended with glorious results. The church has been greatly quickened and encouraged, and some twelve or fifteen precious souls have been reclaimed and converted. In number, all ages are embraced, from the child of ten, up to the aged sire of three score and ten. We struggled hard at first, but God gave us the victory, Candor, decision, and deep feeling, characterized those who were the subjects of this work.

Mercy drops have fallen on other parts of the charge. Some have been converted at class meetings. I have received fifteen into society, and others

will probably join soon. May they all continue to the end.

O that ministers and members in New England might use personal effort for the salvation of men, fill a reformation flame shall be kindled in every circuit and station. Let us keep praying for rain, and torrents will fall; “the fountains of the great deep will be broken up,” and we shall be flooded, not with ruin, but with grace and glory! Amen! Nov. 17. G. S. DEARBORN.

REV. C. C. BARNES.—Br. A. A. Cook writes us, from Warehouse Point, 26th ult. This is to inform those acquainted with Rev. Charles C. Barnes, that he is now dangerously sick, and that little hope is entertained of his recovery. This is now the twenty-eighth day since he was attacked with the bilious fever, which has now assumed a typhoid type. Calling at his bedside this morning, he said to me, “These are the most trying days I ever experienced; but, brother, I feel all is well—all is well.”

Br. Barnes was stationed in this place at the last session of the Providence Conference, where he became much endeared to the people. “Help, Lord, for the godly cease—the righteous perish from among the children of men.”

Yours, &c., A. A. COOK. Warehouse Point, Conn., Nov. 26.

PROPOSALS FOR THE LOCATION OF THE THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION.

The trustees appointed by several of the New England Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for the purpose of providing a Theological Seminary for said Conferences, are now ready to receive proposals for the location of the institution. They deem it unnecessary, after the ample discussion of the subject during the last ten years, to prolong this notice by details of the nature and design of the proposed Seminary. Communications making offers of locations, can be addressed to either of the undersigned, (post paid), until the first of February next. It is requested that they be as minute as possible.

A. STEVENS, M. RYMOND, O. C. BAKER.

MONKS FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

The Roman Catholic Advocate says, that a colony of missionaries, of the order of St. Benedict, started from Munich, on the 29th of July, for the United States of America, to form, at St. Joseph, in Pennsylvania, the first monastery of Benedictines. It is composed of the Rev. Father Boniface Wimmer, (prior), F. Maximilian Goetter, two theologians, two scholastics, and several lay brothers.

STATISTICS OF DISTILLERIES.

The Albany Knickerbocker says.—It is estimated that the present number of distilleries in the United States is 10,000; the number of gallons of spirits distilled annually is 41,502,667, which, if sold at 20 cents per gallon, would produce \$8,300,533, 4,000,000 quarts, 500,000 assaults and batteries, 100,000 thefts, 800 suicides, and about a hundred murders.

Many of our readers, personally acquainted with Mrs. N. B. King, wife of our beloved brother, Rev. D. S. King, will learn with regret that she died on the 23d of November. She departed with full triumph to the New Jerusalem. An obituary notice will doubtless be sent us.

We have received a note from Mr. Safford respecting the Almanac noticed last week. It shall be inserted in our next.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FREE CHURCH.—The Glasgow Free Church Presbytery, have resolved not to interfere in the question of American slavery, further than remonstrating with the churches in America as to their duty in the matter.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.—We learn from the New York Churchman that, in the late charge of the Bishop of London, “while giving the credit of good intentions to the promoters of the Evangelical Alliance, he expressed his strong disapproval of it.” In speaking of the danger of using Romish books of devotion, and Romanizing generally, “he thought it best that those who were in fact Romanists, should go over to that church at once, rather than remain in the English Church, and try how much Romanism they could indulge in without leaving it.”

THE UNITED STATES AND TURKEY.—Letters from Constantinople speak of a victory North American diplomacy has obtained in that city. Dr. Schmitt, an American missionary at Erzerum, was lately treated in a very improper manner. Mr. Carr, chargé d’affaires of the United States at the Porte, addressed a very energetic note to the Divan, and demanded, very categorically, and with a threat of North American cannon, immediate indemnification and satisfaction for this American citizen. The Porte seemed to have no mind to become acquainted in this manner with the American men-of-war, and ordered the Pacha of Erzerum immediately to pay to Dr. Schmitt the required indemnity of £200 sterling, and to put in prison twelve of the rioters who had so ill-treated the missionary. Brother Jonathan has learned from his elder brother, John Bull, how such matters are most easily settled.

INCREASE SALE OF THE BIBLE.—At the annual meeting of the Manchester Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the report which was read stated that previous to the present year, the number of copies of the Bible distributed in that district, annually, amounted to from 5,000 to 90,000, while this year, no less a number than 90,000 have been disposed of,

For the Herald and Journal.

WHY NOT NOW?

REMARKS BY

BY REV. AMOS WALTER.

Why not now? The Father cries,
As he moves in love to man;
Why neglect to win the prize,
Since your life is but a span?

Why not now? The Spirit cries;
Take me as your only trust;
From your death of sin arise,
Saved from every woe and lust.

Why not now? The Spirit cries;
Yield thy heart and all its powers;
By my teachings be made wise—
Why mispend these golden hours?

Why not now? The Spirit cries;
From the sleep of sin awake!
Plunge thy soul in the sea of life,
Every sinful thought forsake!

Why not now? All nature cries,
Earth, and air, and sea, and sky;
In thy heart the reason lies—
Sinner, why not tell me why?

Will you not? then dare not blame
Father, Son, or Holy Ghost,
If you sink in guilt and shame,
With lost, rebellious host.

Will you still go on in sin?
Stop and think, for death is near;
Now, the gospel, now begin
While the gospel greets your ear.

Angels look with eager gaze
On the choice you now shall make;
Will you not their raptures share,
And from Satan's bondage free?

Yes, I will, the heart replies,
I will haste to Jesus now;
While the voice of mercy cries:
A penitent will bow.

Now I feel His pardoning grace,
O, what mercy! dying love!
Recalled from the Father's face,
Smiles upon me from above.

Sinner, come! I now can cry—
Here is mercy, fall and free;
Sinner, turn—why will ye die?
Jesus died for you and me.

O, the joys my home will swell!
Sure, the hall was never told;
Angels' tongues could never tell
Had they powers a thousand fold.

Here is peace, and joy, and love—
I had sorrow, pain, and hate;
Here are glories from above,
Sinner, haste! no longer wait.

By and by we all shall hear,
Come, ye blest, or else depart!
Fill'd with love, or rent with fear,
Will be every human heart.

Joys of heaven, or woes of hell,
Will be then our coldy fate;
Wait no longer! haste and tell,
Others to no longer wait.

Oxford, Nov. 18.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

CHARLES C. CROVER died in Southbridge, Oct. 17, aged 24 years. Br. Crover was greatly beloved by all who knew him. He was a very active and enterprising young man; naturally amiable in his disposition, and possessed of such high and noble principles as gave stability and excellency to his character, rendering him an honor to his family, and an ornament to the town. Having long felt the importance of religion, about two years since he gave his heart to God; but as his business called him to be almost constantly away from home, he neglected to connect himself with the visible church. In consequence of this neglect, and the nature of his business, he may not at all times have manifested that lively flow of religious feeling which characterized the greater part of his Christian course. Yet death found him not unprepared. He was taken with a fever, at Bangor, Me., and immediately hastened home, where, after a sickness of some three weeks, he closed his eyes upon weeping friends, and triumphantly passed to the land of the blessed. C. F.

Sister ELIZABETH A., wife of Br. Chester Drake, and only daughter of Dea. James Draper, of Wayland, died at the residence of her father, after a long sickness, Oct. 31, aged 24. Sister D. was converted to God when she was about 17 years of age, while attending Br. G. Rice's school in this town. After her return to Wayland, she united with the church with which her parents were connected. Between three and four years since she was married, came to this place, united with the Methodist E. Church, and till her death was a worthy member. Last spring it appeared evident that she must go to an early grave, and in compliance with the request of her parents, she went to W., and spent her few remaining months at her father's house.

In this place, and in her native town, she had many dear friends, and all that could render life desirable (health excepted) she possessed, and the struggle in her mind was somewhat severe before she felt willing that those earthly ties should be severed for ever. She often informed the writer that Jesus was precious to her, that he was her Savior, but still it was the will of God, she should prefer to live longer with her friends, and try to do good. But grace ultimately triumphed. God gave her the victory, and just as the immortal soul was leaving its earthly tenement, with the last faint whisper, she assured her afflicted companion that all was well.

Holliston, Nov. 19. LUMAN BODEN.

Br. GILBERT GARFIELD died in Charlestown, N. H., Oct. 17, aged 29 years. Br. Garfield was a worthy member of the M. E. Church. He was converted about four years ago, and truly was an example to the youth for correctness and sobriety, and was very highly esteemed by all who knew him. Taken violently with the typhus fever, he lived but four weeks; and retained his reason but little of the time. He left one brother and four sisters to mourn his loss, with a large circle of friends and acquaintances. May it be a solemn warning to them all to be also ready. JOSEPH FERRY.

SAMUEL W. and MARY ELLEN HIGGINS, and Mrs. ALMEDA SMITH, the only children of Br. Samuel Higgins, of this place, within the last six weeks have fallen asleep in Jesus, at the residence of their father, in the order that their names are here given. Samuel and Almada experienced religion and joined the M. E. Church under the labors of Rev. N. D. George, some six years since. Their lives corresponded faithfully to their profession, and given was their support as they passed over Jordan to take possession of the promised land—the former at the age of 22 years, and the latter at the age of 29 years. Mary Ellen, soon after the death of her mother,

which occurred about one year since, adopted a life of prayer. Her last days were peaceful, and though but in the fourteenth year of her age, we believe she rests in paradise. Thus, in about one year, Br. Higgins, by the wise and mysterious providence of God, has been deprived of one of the most affectionate families of earth. His loss is their gain. Grace sustains him in this trying and lonely hour. Sister Smith has left a companion and two little children to mourn their loss, for a season. M. R. HOPKINS.

ORRINGTON, ME., Nov. 12.

CAROLINE, wife of Br. Samuel M. Humes, died in Fitchburg, Mass., Oct. 7, in the 34th year of her age. Sister Humes had been a follower of Jesus from her youth, and a devoted and worthy member of his visible church. She was a living Christian, and died as such. The day before her death, she took her family by the hand, addressed them, one by one, in a most affecting manner, obtaining a promise from the unconverted members, who had arrived to years, to seek the Lord. She then prayed for them, and for the church, with much earnestness and propriety, after which, she requested her husband to sing "Sweet Home." Br. Humes was too much overcome to comply with her request, and she struck in and sang, with much sweetness, the first verse, with the chorus, altering the last line of the chorus to express more aptly her feelings. She then fell into a deep sleep, from which she waked no more, until, without a struggle or a groan, she slept in death. D. K. BANISTER.

Fitchburg, Nov. 20.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

DR. BANGS ON SLAVERY.

NO. XIX.

THE MEANS TO CARRY THE PLAN INTO EFFECT.

In respect to these, I will simply propose those which I consider the most judicious, leaving it to others either to adopt them, or to propose such as may be better adapted to the end.

In the first place, then, let it be recollected that one individual can accomplish but little. It is true some one must set the idea afloat, and if others accord with it, they may take it up, deliberate upon it, and adopt or modify it as they may see fit; but if it attract no attention, so that no one esteems it worthy of consideration, it must die, of course. And hence, if all I have said should enlist no one in favor of my general plan, why then, I have lost all my labor, and slavery must continue to exist, unless, indeed, some other person shall be so happy as to devise a more feasible plan, and succeed in carrying it into execution.

If, on the other hand, my general plan should be so far viewed favorably as to attract attention and be considered worthy of a trial, let a number of individuals be called together, let them form a society in the usual way, mature and adopt their plans of operation, send out an address to the citizens of the United States, appealing more especially to statesmen, asking their co-operation in this grand enterprise of justice and benevolence. If, indeed, a few only were enlisted, at first, intelligent and virtuous, and hearty in the cause, they would make an impression upon others, and thus their numbers, and, of course, their strength, would be gradually increased, and by continually enlarging the circle of their influence, the nation would finally be aroused to the importance of the subject.

I think the work should commence in the North. Here let agents be appointed to travel through the country, to lecture the people on the necessity and feasibility of effecting emancipation. Let these agents visit the most prominent men in the States, such as Governors, Judges, Senators, Members of Assemblies, Mayors of cities, and ministers of the Gospel, and explain to them the plan, and solicit them, by every argument derived from moral, religious, political and civil considerations, as well as from the temporal and eternal benefits resulting from freedom, to yield their hearty co-operation. Let the subject be presented to the State Legislatures, and all prudent measures used to induce them to take it into serious consideration.

In this way the public mind will become enlightened, and the bias be gradually formed in favor of the plan. For, as I have before said, if the work be ever accomplished, the NATION must engage in it—the PEOPLE must speak and act—they must declare that it is THEIR WILL that slavery shall cease to exist in their country—that THEY will no longer suffer this dire disease to prey upon the body politic—and in this dire, their RULERS must devise ways and means for its removal.

Now, that this mighty movement may be made, some one must begin it. Who will step forward and call a meeting of the friends of the slave—the friends of their country's freedom—that they may consult together on the best means for the accomplishment of this end? Whoever he may be, let him speak, and I dare pledge myself he will be heard.

After thus beginning the work here, let a correspondence be opened with philanthropic gentlemen in the South, with a view to engage their co-operation, and if a few shall be found favorable to the plan, let a society be formed there, agents appointed to travel through the southern States to deliver lectures, and make application to the leading statesmen of the South, to the governors, judges, senators, and ministers of the gospel, and press upon them the importance of attending to this subject.

If the co-operation of benevolent slaveholders at the South can be secured, the work will be done.

But every thing depends upon the manner of beginning and carrying on the work. Let no rash step be taken, no angry vituperation be indulged in against slaveholders indiscriminately, no high-toned denunciations against those who oppose the measures to be adopted and pursued, but let every thing be said and done soberly, discreetly, and in the fear of God, with a single view to benefit the slave, and to save our country from the reproach and the burden which the system has brought upon it.

Much will depend upon the character of the agents to be employed. They should be men of suitable age, of wisdom derived from experience, of sound discretion, and of indomitable perseverance—men who can brook opposition with calmness—who can answer objections with meekness and wisdom—who can bear reproach with patience, and who are willing to sacrifice much for the good of their country.

Rather than employ hot-headed, raw, and inexperienced men in this work, who would spend their strength in empty declamation on the evils of slavery, and in dogmatical denunciations indiscriminately hurled against slaveholders, instead of presenting sober, conclusive arguments, which are calculated to convince the judgment and gain the consent of the will, we had better do nothing; for I am persuaded that such men would defeat the object and throw the cause back for years. We must engage in this work like men that are sincere and hearty in it, that are willing to sacrifice self, to bear up under opposition, to suffer reproach, if need be, and are determined to persevere at all hazards, through good and evil report, until the work is accomplished. If little, petty spirits snarl at us, bear it in silence—if petulant minds reproach us, accuse us of inconsistency, answer them not, but go straight forward to the work with all diligence; but if any meet us with sober objections, answer them with the meekness

of wisdom; if any throw obstacles in the way, through malice or ignorance, remove them, and then march on in the name of the Lord, and he will go before us and make our way prosperous.

I have thus presented my plan, and proposed the means for its accomplishment, and I beg that it may be considered with all the calmness and deliberation that its importance demands.

If, however, the proposition for remunerating those who may consent to set their slaves free, should not be received, I would then advise the slaveholders to go to work and devise plans for emancipating their slaves on their own account, for I verily believe, from all the facts which I have been able to collect, from the experiments which have been heretofore made, that they would be immense gainers ultimately by substituting free for slave labor. Indeed, if I am rightly informed, some of the slaveholders in Maryland and Virginia have already made the experiment with encouraging success, and this test of its beneficial consequences is a sufficient warrant to induce others to follow the example, under the firm expectation that similar results will follow. Let, then, the work go on, until slavery shall cease to exist in all the States of the confederacy.

If there be any truth in the facts which have been spread before the community in proof of the unproductiveness of slave labor, its natural tendency to impoverish the soil, and, of course, to diminish the value of their property, then it follows, most conclusively, that the slave States would find it vastly beneficial to themselves to liberate their slaves, in such a way, indeed, as to secure their voluntary services, while they would subject themselves to those wholesome laws which are necessary to the due regulation of human society. The slaveholders would, therefore, run no risk in assuming the responsibility of setting their slaves free on their own account, without any regard to an immediate pecuniary recompense.

But I am persuaded, that if the southern States will consent to repeal those laws which forbid emancipation, the other States will concur in the measure I have recommended, and that Congress will be induced to adopt the means necessary to carry it into full effect. At any rate, let us make the trial, and if it fail, we shall have discharged a solemn obligation; but if it succeed, we shall have the happiness of reflecting on an act of our lives productive of the most blessed results to ourselves, to our country, to millions of our fellow beings now held in bondage, as well as to thousands of slaveholders who are desirous of being relieved of the incubus entailed upon them.

Such a result cannot be contemplated, without inspiring feelings of indescribable pleasure—pleasure unmix'd with any merely selfish considerations—but pleasure originating from a consciousness of having discharged an imperative duty, and from anticipating the high and honorable ground which the American nation shall take among the civilized nations of the earth, from having proclaimed freedom to 4,000,000 of her population. These are the considerations which I leave with the reader, hoping and praying, that some one of such influence and standing in society as will command the respect and confidence of the people, and be forward in the work with the enlightened zeal and Christian patriotism, which will give weight to his efforts, and contribute to enlist others, of a like spirit, in this holy enterprise.

I have done. I think I have done a duty. I therefore calmly commit the cause to that God "who rules in the armies of heaven, and commands among the inhabitants of the earth."

Nov. 16.

N. BANGS.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.

In commenting on a letter of a correspondent, who draws a lamentable picture of the education cause in the South-West, the editor of the Boston *Zion's Herald* speaks to the point, thus: "Our correspondent in the South-West, gives a deplorable account of the educational interests in that section, but he fails to specify the true cause of the evil. This is, doubtless, slavery—Slavery admits of but little hope for primary schools. It leads to large planting schemes, and these separate largely the white families, and, as a consequence, the children of such families cannot be grouped into district schools. Family tutors must therefore be hired, but they are generally to expensive, and the result is, many families of children grow up with scarcely the elements of education. It is astonishing to notice the number of persons at the South, especially ladies, who cannot write their names."

It is true, slavery has another effect. It leads to imperious dispositions among young men, by the habits of command over negroes to which they are accustomed from childhood. The result is, indolence and insubordination in college life, fastidiousness at each other's conduct or allusions, combats and riots. To repress these, is found to be one of the most difficult matters in conducting Southern institutions of learning. Slavery is hardly a greater curse to the black victims, than it is to the white masters."

That is well said, brother; it is "as true as holy writ." The history of the University of Virginia, with its frequent acts of insubordination, its lawless riots, its bloody assaults upon citizens, and even professors, sometimes ending in death by violence, should suffice to convince any candid mind, of the truth of the position here assumed. If this state of things is not owing to the influence of slavery, why are the colleges located in free States so free from like disgraceful and perilous scenes? There is not more than one exception to this broad and glaring contrast, and it is presented by Princeton College—if, indeed, the State in which it is located can be properly classed as a wholly free State. But, be this as it may, the riotous proceedings enacted there, occasionally, are fairly referable to the influence of slavery. There are always a large proportion of Southern students there, and it is they who make attacks on the free colored people, as in a recent case during cruelty, in which a colored man, on his way to church, was knocked down at the side of his own wife, as dear to him as any other man's wife, because he dared to protect her from the insults of a band of colorphobic rowdies. There is no question as to the correctness of the inference made by our Northern brother, both as southerners may be to see and admit the fact—*"Slavery is the mother of insubordination, as of a numerous brood of other evils which it is not our purpose to dwell upon in this article."*

As to the more direct personal influence of slavery—a topic to which we have once already alluded—we speak of it to this point of experience. We carry with us to this hour, its woeful effects upon our own disposition—our, in spite of constant watchfulness and a prayerful struggle, to get this Satan behind us.

But not only were our feelings unfavorably affected by the temper-spoiling influences surrounding every slaveholder's sons and daughters. Even our opinions took the "hue and color" of slavery. The spirit of slavery is a spirit of force, and hence force alone can insure the state of servility which is indispensable to the system. The law of force naturally comes to be the chief reliance of the slaveholder. He emphatically believes in it, and carries out his belief consistently enough, in the advocacy and practice of war; but is not any longer. Once we would have promptly entered the field of the blood-stained duelist—but not now. We have been roused by the force of anti-slavery truth, and we are not ashamed to own it. Having ourself seen the blessed light, we have felt its own solemn duty, at whatever risk, to point our readers to it, as we now do, in view of the question under con-

sideration—saying to them: Behold this star of hope—the only hope for the success of universal education—the only hope for the securing of the blessings of peace—the only hope for the sway of "religion pure and undefiled" over our now so guilty land.—Balt. Sta. Vis.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Herald and Journal.

AN INCIDENT.

On a lovely Sabbath morning, just after the close of one of those feasts of tabernacles in the wilderness, which have proved the spiritual birthplace of many a redeemed spirit, I bent my steps, as usual on God's holy day, to the place of worship, anticipating a season of profit and sacred delight. A number of the brethren and sisters had been up to this yearly gathering of the saints, and although I did not expect to get my own soul warmed by their fire, yet, as in former times, "those who tarried by the staff shared in the spoil as well as those who went to battle," so I trusted that it would be with God's people on this occasion. Nor was I disappointed. As we sat beneath the droppings of the sanctuary, the cloud of the Divine presence rested down upon the assembly, and many felt that it was the "gate of heaven" to their souls. The public services were followed by the class-meeting, and this too was a season of unusual interest. Our friends (while rehearsing the blessings which they had received in the grove), countenances, if indeed they did not shine so that we could not behold them, as did that of Moses, after communing with God upon now held in bondage, as well as to thousands of slaveholders who are desirous of being relieved of the incubus entailed upon them.

But I am persuaded, that if the southern States will consent to repeal those laws which forbid emancipation, the other States will concur in the measure I have recommended, and that Congress will be induced to adopt the means necessary to carry it into full effect. At any rate, let us make the trial, and if it fail, we shall have discharged a solemn obligation; but if it succeed, we shall have the happiness of reflecting on an act of our lives productive of the most blessed results to ourselves, to our country, to millions of our fellow beings now held in bondage, as well as to thousands of slaveholders who are desirous of being relieved of the incubus entailed upon them.

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"The tender floweret fold its leaves,
And sinks to rest at day's decline."

Hopedale, Nov. 1.

L. N.

From the London Spectator.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

The venerable Thomas Clarkson was born at Wisbeach, on the 28th of March, 1760. He was the son of a gentleman who held the mastership of the Free Grammar School in that town. His education, which began under his father's eye, was completed at St. John's College, Cambridge. Here Mr. Clarkson had already attained distinction, when an event occurred which had a material influence on his future career. In the year 1785, Dr. Peckhard was vice-chancellor of the university, and announced to the senior bachelors of arts the following question, as a subject for a prize Latin dissertation—"Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" In the preceding year, Mr. Clarkson had gained the first prize for the Latin dissertation. Filled with an earnest desire to sustain the cause acquired, he repaired to London, and purchased as many books connected with the subject of slavery, as he could possibly afford to buy. With these he speedily returned to Cambridge, and set himself earnestly to the work of preparing to compose his essay. But so painful to him were the perusal of these volumes, that for a considerable time he scarcely took any rest day or night, and he ceased to regard the essay as a mere trial of literary distinction; his great desire being, to produce a work which should call forth a vigorous public effort to redress the wrongs of the African. Henceforward, Clarkson devoted his whole energy to the abolition of slavery. He very soon formed an alliance with the celebrated William Wilberforce; who, in 1787, undertook to bring the subject before Parliament. A committee was appointed for the purpose of organizing an association, and the work of controversy began in earnest. Somewhat in the manner of the modern agitators, Clarkson went about from town to town—from Liverpool to Bristol, and from Bridgewater to Manchester—laboring to make converts, and to overcome the prejudices opposed by indifference as well as by self-interest. Years were spent in this process—books were published, meetings were held, evidence was collected, petitions were forwarded to Parliament, successive motions were made by Mr. Wilberforce, and lengthened discussions in the House of Commons took place. Vigorous efforts were not wanting on the other side, and a violent agitation was the consequence. The subject entered into an examination of the subject, and made a report. Counsel were heard at the bars of both houses, and witnesses were carefully examined. Clarkson's exertions, during the whole of this struggle, were untiring. But they were not before the public, and failed, therefore, of being duly appreciated at the time. Some years elapsed before the triumph of the anti-slavery cause was complete, for the abolition measure did not become law until the 25th of March, 1807. But much more remained to be effected; the slave trade was abolished, but slavery still existed. The year 1834 crowned the efforts of the anti-slavery party with success. In that year, a sum of £200,000 was granted by Parliament to the slaveholders, and Clarkson's mission was accomplished. The claim of originality might not, perhaps, be demanded for him; but the originator, Clarkson was the Prometheus of the anti-slavery movement—he gave the fire of life to the slumbering opinion against slavery. This is not the place to raise any question about the extravagancies and mischievous modes of agitation into which the anti-slavery party have been betrayed, especially in later years. Thomas Clarkson was a great task; his devotion was noble; his success was the dawn of a better future for the negro race; and no one will grudge him a particle of the honors which attended his gentle decline, to rest in the fulness of years.

From Neal's Gazette.

PEACE! STUBBORN WILL.

Peace! stubborn will!
Peace! restless heart! forget thy grief, and think
Upon the bitter cup which He did drink
Meekly and still.

Thou hearest nought
Of anguish that thy Savior did not know;
He suffered all thy sorrows save the woe
Thy sin has wrought.

O, trust his word,
When unseen foes assail. There was an hour
Of gloom and darkness, when the fiend had power
To tempt thy Lord.

Lean on His breast
When earthly love forsakes thee, and the charm
Of friendship dies away. His holy arm
Will give thee rest.

For the Herald and Journal.

COVETOUSNESS.

Dear Brother,—It is a question, with me, whether so rare and impartial an opportunity exists to see the operations of a covetous spirit, as that which is connected with the pecuniary energy of the M. E. Church. All our monied operations are on the voluntary principle; consequently, *give, or not give*, just as people feel, is the rule. Those who have been any time in the itinerant ranks, have had opportunities to witness the developments of the small mind in these things; as many, perhaps, as any other class of men living. The lessons which may be learned by such developments, are both instructing and amusing. Instructing us to guard our own hearts, and amusing to see how a penurious mind is often driven to measure out its pinched portion. A few facts may serve to illustrate the above remarks. Having the promise of some grain from a member, I harnessed up, took my bag, and went to him. We went into the grain loft, and, passing by barrels and boxes well filled with good full grain, we arrived at the one out of which my bag was to be filled. Some little apology was offered, and my bag was partially filled with the tailings, as it is called, which is the lightest and poorest part of the crop.

Another brother, less able to fill the bag, says, "Do you want some grain?" "Should be very glad of some." When it came, it was not the tailings, but the butt end of the heap, as he cleansed it in the wind. This contrast is an exhibition of human nature. The first individual alluded to was surrounded with an abundance of this world's goods, so that a want of means could not be urged as an excuse. The other gave it as an offering to the Lord—the first fruits of the earth. Judge ye which offering was most acceptable to the Lord, taking the Bible as the guide.

Mercer, Me., Nov. 16.

TIMELY ADVICE.

The following anecdote is related of the late Rev. John Fletcher, by one of his parishioners, as characteristic of the man:

When a young man, he was married by Mr. Fletcher, who said to him, as soon as the service was concluded, and he was about to make the accustomed entry, "Well, William, you have had your name entered in our register once before this."

"Yes, sir, at my baptism."

"And now your name will be entered a second time." You have, no doubt, thought much upon your present step, and made proper preparations for it in many different ways."

"Yes, sir."

"Recollect, that a third entry of your name in the register of your burial, will, sooner or later, take place. Think, then, about death, and make preparations for that also, lest it overtake you as a thief in the night."

This person is now walking in the ways of the Lord, and states, that he often adverts to this and other things which his serious and affectionate pastor found frequent occasion to say to him.

We ought to reckon that those do us the greatest unkindness in the world, that any way tempt or expose us to sin.

Advertisements.

NOTICE TO ALL WHO WISH TO FIND THE BEST PLACE TO OBTAIN

A GENTLE SUIT OF CLOTHES.

N. K. & S. SKINNER would announce that they are prepared to furnish Garments from a stock of goods selected with great care, and at the lowest possible prices in the city, and they feel entire confidence in giving assurance that their style of fit and workmanship will be such as cannot be surpassed by any establishment in the country. As they do not depend so much on advertisements as some do, their desire is to do business in a manner to commend their establishment to the favorable notice of the public, and encourage by the liberal patronage they have received from the community, they would solicit a continuance of the same. And it shall be their aim to give such BARGAINS and STYLES as will secure a reputation of like favor.

Be sure and get the right number.

37 WASHINGTON STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Nov. 11. 1828.

HEDENBERG'S PATENT AIR-TIGHT PARLOR CAST STOVE.

THIS Stove was patented by Mr. F. L. HEDENBERG, of New York, in 1815, and sold by him to a considerable extent in this city, last winter, and gave entire satisfaction to those who used it.

The subscriber has purchased the right to make and vend this Stove in Boston, and having made all the necessary arrangements, now offers them to the public with the fullest confidence that for parlors and other rooms where little or no pipe is required, they are superior in point of economy, neatness, and convenience, to any other Stove now in the market. The principle on which the Stove is constructed, will cause it to be the most perfect and secure of the kind ever observed in any operation will secure the acquisition of the practical man.

Purchasers are wanted of the best and most economical Stove in use, are requested to call and see this Stove in operation, at No. 26 Union St.

Oct. 7. LEWIS JONES & SON.

TO STOVE MANUFACTURERS AND PURCHASERS.

SLAVER'S COMBINATION OF FILES OR DRAFTS.

As the letters Patent have been secured, can be beneficially applied to many kinds of Coal Stoves.

Some of the advantages of combining the drafts or files are these: A downward as well as an upward draft is caused by this arrangement, either used alone. A great and quick heat can be produced by using the upward draft, and a uniform heat by using the downward draft. A small quantity of fuel can be kept constantly alive, and the fire can be kept at the top of the oil, and the downward draft will cause it to be ignited to the bottom. The pleasure and benefit of an open fire is secured by this arrangement as the draft of the stove can be constantly kept open, the downward draft preventing the ashes and gas from escaping into the room.

This improvement is simple and neat in its construction, not expensive, and will be found, even when used with the iron cylinder stove, to obviate the most of the objection now against it, not consume more than two-thirds as much fuel as produce the same heat as when used without.

Reference can be made to several gentlemen who have seen my improvement attached to a stove, and the terms for using a model of my improvement can be seen, and the terms for using a model of my improvement can be seen, and the terms for using a model of my improvement can be seen.

In these flames there is an alms-house of Finance," we should be to lay before you fully recorded in which we trust you
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